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A PORTA

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W. A. CAMP. Manager of the New York Clearing-House. O. D. BALDWIN, President of the American Loau and Trust Co. THOS. L. JAMES.
President of the Lincoln National Bank

A SIMPLE PROBLEM: 81)10,709,520(345,468

PRINTED DAILY DURING THE 345,468

TION DURING THE MONTHS 345,873

CRUEL PATE.

There is a tramp out West whose name-if merit celebration in lofty song. He found a sonable. broken rail in the track along which he was loitering, and by superhuman effort reached train from certain destruction.

What a pity BEN HARRISON wasn't aboard. installed in Washington by this time. If no pension or post-office were vacant for him, he could be made singer in ordinary to his Royal Highness Baby McKrz, and no G. A. R. vetthan he wean the princely infant to such patriotic and Harrisonesque ditties as "Tramp, tramp tramp, the boys are march-

That tramp was a hero, but he was down on his tuck.

## HOWLEY'S MAGNIFICENT FIST.

THOMAS HOWLEY, of Wheeling, W. Va., is to be congratulated on the size, solidity and alacrity of his fiat. It made yesterday the quickest, cleanest and most profitable lead on record. There was a pistol at How-LEY's head, and before the bullet could reach him his trusty, lusty knuckles had caught crew during the past few years. the owner of the weapon just between the eyes and laid him out senseless.

HOWLEY, if he is fond of life, ought to wear a kid glove and a diamond breastpin on that popular captain the Club ever had. He is interhand for the rest of his existence and never steamboats and in the new Grand Hotel in the washit in snything except Frangipanni and Catskills. atter of roses. And when he has done with it the State of West Virginia ought to embalm it and exhibit it in the Wheeling Museum as the hand that made the code duello look sick and knocked out of vogue the use of firearms for the aettlement of personal feuds in the region of the Old Dominion.

IT WILL BE THOROUGH, OF COURSE. A day has been fixed for the trial of Assemblyman Silver Dollar SMITH upon charges of briting voters. The indictment was found weights 122 pounds and is 5 feet 7 inches tall.

The fact that immediate action is required by law in such cases seems to have been of like President Harrison, "pleases himself."

No doubt, now that the case has gotten to court, the prosecution will be vigorous, as Mr. FELLOWS'S prosecutions of political offenders and men with pulls always is.

threatening to give way, and with the memory of Johnstown's horror in mind, is trembling with dread and providing means of escape.

It is wise. Too great vigilance cannot !exercised. The dweller in a valley, under the menace of a pent-up torrent, is always in peril, especially at times of heavy rainfall, and a precaution small in itself may prove the saving of hundreds of lives.

There are 220 fellows in Yale's Freshman Class, and most of them, a despatch from man John Connelly, of the Nineteenth District New Haven says, are busy passing off conditions. They had better hurry and get into regular undergraduate standing. The football season is pretty well along.

There was a chap, known in Roman history as "Cunctator," because he believed in delay. Gov. BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, who was intrusted with the distribution of the Gallup & Hurry could do a rushing business in Johnstown fund, can give that old Roman divorces if located in Chicago. " cards and spades."

Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, as well as New York, are lacking in schoolhouses. That is a matter that should have more prompt and thorough attention than even the World's Fair.

Rain set the Giants back a peg vesterday. pionship race is the durability of Boston

### FANCIES.

If the weather prophets' fair weather prom ises could be woven into rubber coats we could all keep dry.

The Republican nominee for Governor of New lersey is known as Early Bird Grubb, and Abbett is consequently pretty sure to gobble him.

It is now said that the storm did not destroy Shrewsbury's oysters, but made them " a little fresh." This should not prove a very great oblection.

The Hon, John L. Sullivan is apparently try ng to drown his Congressional chances in the juice of the barley corn. .

The London Lancet tells at length of an operation recently performed in Paris while the patient was under the influence of meamerism. American doctors are satisfied with ether.

> I do detest a man that's close, And furthermore, a day; But if a pretty girl is close I feel the other way.

The eternal fitness of things was somewhat spect yesterday by a tramp running three miles o save a Chicago and Northwestern train from being wrecked by a broken rail.

Spapper Garrison appears to have snapped imself out of Mr. Belmont's good graces by his weird riding. The wonder is that Mr. Belmont never tumbled before.

Got Back Home.—Mr. Blinks (in dairy restaurant)—I'm most starved for a bowl of milk and some berries with some real cream on 'em. Bring me a double order.

Waiter—Yer, sah. Been summering on a farm, I s pose, sah?—New York Weekty.

A Winnipeg despatch says that bad missionaries have driven 1,500 Canadian Indians across the line. This is reversing things some-

Coroner O'Hara, of Hoboken, has been fined 50 for "conduct unbecoming an undertaker. because he buried a child that other members of the Undertakers' Association had refused to bury because they were not sure of their pay. Coroner O'Hara is said to be a brick.

Deputy Coroner Donlin went to Bellevue last night to cut up Thomas Power, who was reported killed by electricity. Power intimated that Dr. Donlin had better come around after | short distance from a woman's feet to her head, happily it were known-and whose deeds he (Power) was dead. Some people are unrea-

## ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

a station three miles away, secured the aid J. Owens, jr., of the Detroit Athletic Club, who of section hands and saved a limited express once ran 100 yards in 9 4-5s, with a gale at his back, on which account the time did not go on record, runs in a very peculiar manner. Instend of bending forward, as almost all hun-The heroic vagabond would have been snugly dred-yard men do, he holds himself erect. His style of running is graceful in the extreme and beautiful to watch.

eran could more fittingly or more wittingly as ever donned running shoes. He is so cona competitor which was technically perfectly legitimate yet a trifle unfair he would be the first to object to using it. He is an honored member of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

The President of the Manhattan Athletic Club George W. Carr. "He has done more for athletics than any man known," is the verdict of his friends. He has been President of the Club, during the past twelve years, a longer period than is known to have happened to the President of any other club in athletic history.

W. O. Inglis, of the New York Athletic Club. is a member of whom that Club is justly proud Mr. Inglis is as genial as he is physically perfeet. His hobby is rowing. He has pulled one of the strongest oars in the Club's eight-oared

Samuel J. Cornell has been captain of the Manhattan Athletic Club for half a dozen years past. He is fair to look upon and is the most ested with his father in the Citizens' line of

## WORLDLINGS.

Sir Henry Knight, formerly Lord Mayor of London, who is at present travelling in this country, is a representative Englishman, portly bearing and florid in complexion, with a snow-white beard. He is a rich man, in many English enterprises, in connection with which he visited America eight years ago. In 1882 and 1883, as Lord Mayor of the English capital, he won his title.

Sidney Thomas, the famous English rnuner, He is a strict trainer and, as a rule, runs twice

Edward E. Bice, the musical composer and no moment to the District-Attorney, who, fore he wrote "Evangeline" and became famous.

Secretary Windom has recently leased the handsome house of George E. Lemon in Washington at a rental of \$5,000 a year.

Why?

Stop and think for a moment. Since the blizzard-about eighteen months ago—the paners between the water by hurricanes, shipwrecks, bursting of dams, causing floods &c.: railroad wrecks and others too numerous to cite. A little over six cents per day on the average will give you food consequent on the recent rains. Plain-field, N. J., with the big Feltville dam

Stop and think for a moment. Since the blizzard-about eighteen months ago—the paners between the paners of dams, causing floods &c.: railroad wrecks and others too numerous to cite. A little over six cents per day on the average will give you for the paners of dams, causing floods &c.: railroad wrecks and others too numerous to cite. A little over six cents per day on the average will give you factor. The largest accident company in the world. The largest accident company in the

# PRETTY BABYHOOD.

Why is John D. Crimmins's representative, Louis A. Risse, always a guest of the World's Fair Committee on Site on the occasion of its excursions 7

to the State Senate from the Eleventh District is accompanied by a sort of boom of Assembly for the place,

Tanmany Hall will go to the Syracuse Convention 300 strong. This will probably move the Counties to present as big a front. Although defeated they have no intention 'ringing small." The name of Park Commissioner Gallup's law

partner is Hurry. A waggish friend of the Commissioner suggests that the law firm of John F. Ahearn has announced himself as a

candidate for the County Democracy nomination for Senator in the Sixth District. John knows that his time is short as Clerk in Essex Market Police Court, and thinks it best to be casting about for a new job.

The selection of John Collins, the Republican eader of the Fourth Assembly District, for Deputy Surveyor of the Port is another black eye for John J. O'Brien. Collins is one of the The most aggravating thing about this cham- O'Brien made politicians who is now training

Ex-Supervisor McLaughlin, of the City Record, now says that his resignation was handed in for the purposes of unmasking "the nest of political serpents" being fostered in the thy Record office, and securing the reform which has been effected in their removal.

If there is no union of the Democratic facions there appears to be every likelihood that the Republicans will succeed in the Eleventh Senate District. They hope to in the Twelfth, but Senator Jacob A. Cantor is satisfied that he can pull through on the Tammany Hall ticket.

The idea that a Republican should succeed Congressman Cox seems absurd. The total vote for Mr. Cox on a united ticket was 18,267, and for McMackin, the Republican candidate, 7,320. How the Democratic vote of the district would appear if split, is found on a reference to the rote for Aldermen in the three Assembly districts comprising it. The Counties received ,838, the Tammanyites 8,606 and the Republicans 7,547. It would be a particularly popular Republican to win even with a divided Democracy.

Laughlin states that during his incumbency o thousand times \$3,000 is \$3,000,000. The appropriation for the purposes of the City tion," says the ex-Supervisor.

## IN FASHION'S WORLD.

The Misses Harriette and Florence Pullman daughters of Sir George M. Pullman, have an allowance of \$50 per month each to keep them

street mansion in Chicago her elder brother. Cyrus McCormick has never escorted any other coung lady.

A valet de chambre is by no means uncomm in the homes of progressive widows. Nearly all the chiropodiste are men, and as it is only a can give a shampoo barber fashion.

There are Russian parlors, French salons, Pempeliah libraries, Chinese tea-rooms, Moor ish dining parlors, English balls and Spanish chambers, but the national apartment has no place in the United States home. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison suffers from a lame

arm due to excessive writing. Her personal letters average twenty a day, and the communi-

Mrs. Cleveland is interested in the subject of reincarnation. She has been studying the occult science with a friend who has spent considerable of her time in the valley of the Indus. Just now the ex-President's wife is making a collection of esoteric poems which she will have bound for her own convenience.

Mrs. Sidney Rosenfelt, author of "Twixt Reaven and Earth," lives in a pretty, pine-sheltered cottage at Yonkers. Behind the house is a kitchen-garden containing an acre of land. every foot of which is under cultivation, Mrs. Rosenfelt having done the planting.

is seen daily on Broadway, walking at a pace, that-in the language of the penny-dreadful fiend-"baffles pursuit." Mrs. Booth is a very happy knack of always saying the right thing. Mrs. Massen are not often seen off the stage. Mrs. Massen dresses in severe simplicity on the

Miss Loducki Young lives with her mother in when her professional duties call her mother and self to the less luxurious quarters to be found upon the road,

Miss Alice King Hamilton is very versatile Besides acting, she has recently written two novels, "One of the Duanes" and "Lochinvar." Miss Hamilton paints admirably, and each of her friends has some dainty device with which to remember her.

## One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American state men. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thou-sands of people, that Hood's Sersaparilla does cure serofula, sait rheum and other diseases or affection arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite and given strength to every part of the system. ou need a good blood purifier, touir or appetizer, try Heod's Sareaparilla. It will do you good, "My daughter received much benefit from Head's

Sareaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of broachial puruments." Rev. F. H. ADAMS,

Competitors for the Beauty Prize Increasing in Number.

Eager Mammas Who Want Their Little Darlings to Win.

The "Evening World's" Portrait Gullery of Cunning Toddlers.

The young gentleman who inspects the pictures of the pretty babies that are now arriving for The Evening Woeld prize contest Las almost decided to become a family man. Never in his life has be seen such a galaxy

of infant beauty, and unless he misses his

guess, Miss Nelson will have her hands full in deciding which little charmers are the very prettiest. The influx of photographs yesterday was immense. They came by the score, mostly by mail, but some maintens were so eager to enter their darlings that they couldn't wait

for Uncle Sem's letter-carriers, so they just

brought them themselves. One cute little toddler arrived yesterday and all there is to identify him is by his name, James Worrell Cunliffee. Will his mother please send The Evening World her name and address, age, maiden name, her husband's name, age and occupation, nationality of both and the baby's age, and otherwise fulfil the conditions of the contest.



WALTER ALLEN WHITE.

The first candidate for public admiration to-day is little Walter Allen White, of No. 47 East One Hundred and Tweaty-eighth street, this city. Walter is a bright-looking little fellow and looks as if he could made sad work with his mother's work-basket if he had

" Accompanying this letter please find pic ture of our baby boy, Walter Allen White, born Jan. 25, 1888, at 47 East One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, Harlem. His mother's maiden name is Mabel Allen Gray, born Aug. 21, 1865. His father, Thaddeus White, was born Sept. 27, 1860.

Both are of American parentage, his father's business being a retail coal dealer. Mr. George W. Carter, of 238 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, will vouch for all these statements.

"Our buby is considered very smart and cunning for his age, and too pretty to be a boy. We were married Dec. 15, 1886, by the Rev. William C. Bitting. Very truly yours, " Mrs. THADDEUS WHITE."



LEO WOLFE, JOHN EDWIN LANE. John Edwin Laue lives at 749 Palisades wenue, West Hoboken, N. J. He was born Aug. 27, 1888, and of course his parents think he is the only baby in the country-and it's perfectly natural they should. The roungster was named after his father, who is bookkeeper for John McCarthy & Bro., at Hoboken. He is twenty-nine years old and his wife. Jane Ann Thomas, is twenty-seven. Elizabeth Almina Fassett is "Perry's Pharmacy Entry." The little miss was born Oct. 1, 1888, and her picture represents her at the age of four months.



ELIZABETH ALMINA

Frank N. Fassett, night dispenser at Perry's," is her father. He was born Aug. 27, 1863, and hails from Vermont. Miss Elizabeth's mother was Bertha Parker, who was born at Long Branch, N. J., May 16, 1869. The family live at No. 436 West Thirty-fifth street, this city.

The cute little tot known as Miss May Mc. Grath was born June 16, 1888, and is now a charming little flat not far from the Harlem stopping with Mr. and Mrs. John McGrath River. She keeps this little home nook feven at 7 Battery place. Her father is a janitor and her mother used to be Nellie Mack.



MAY M'GRATH. According to little Lee Wo!fe's mother, There is no child of his age who can cat with a fork like him." Leo will be seventeen nonths old Oct. 1, 1889. His father, Abe Wolfe, a clothing trimmer, is a native New Betsey Bernstein. She was born in England.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

Little Jerome Carlebach feels especially proud of the fact that he arrived in New York simultaneously with the big blizzard of March, 1888. Observe his thoughtful look as he recalls those two important events in the history of the city.



PROME CARLUBACH Master Jeromo was born March 15, 1888 His father is Anson Carlebach, aged twenty eight, a bookkeeper for Miller & Co., 577 Broadway. His mother is twenty-four years old, and the family reside at 313 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, Harlem. They are of the Jewish faith.

Jarome's mamma writes that he can walk, talk fluently and is in every way a bright young man.

Charles Jeseph Dickinson was born of American parents, Nov. 7, 1888. He doesn't creep but rolls when he wants to get hold of the cat, and has even this early developed a wonderful love for horses. He also recog-

out, 'is to read of steam cars.

His father, Charles Dickinson, keeps a livery and hotel at Long Island City. Newton and Jackson avenues, and is twenty-nine years old. Charlie's mother is in her twenty-livery and the control of the irth year. out in year.

It required two letters to enter Master
James F. Johnson in the prize contest, but
he show in and asks the reader for his or her on from this column to day. The com-

ned information of the two letters consis a James E. Johnson was born Oct. 15, 1888. His lather is J. Ralph, and his mother Delia Johnson, American and Irish respectively. They live at No. 219 West Sixty-first street, and refer to Dr. Thompson, Ninth avenue and Forty-first street.

First Prize—A Golden Double Eagle (\$20) to the pretitest aby under two years in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or Long Island

Second Prize—A Golden Eagle (\$10) to next to the prettiest baby in the five cities of this me-THIRD PRIZE-A Five-Dollar Gold piece to the

metropolitan baby icho has but two superiors in olut of baby charms. The names and addresses of the children must be written on the backs of the photographs for identification.

CONDITIONS Babies to be eligible for this contest must be we years old or less,
The picture of any baby entering in this comselition must be sent to The Evening World. logether with the name and occupation of the father; the full maiden name of the mother and their residence; the full name of the baby and the dates of birth of baby and its father and mother. Also the name of some responsible person scho will vouch for the truth of the statements.

Letters accompanying an entrance must not exceed 200 words in length and written on one ide of the paper only. If there are two or more pretty babies-so pretty that the Judge is unable to decide between them—then the price shall go to the one of these babies whose picture was first received.

A ROMAN GIRL AND MER DOLL. Touching Scene Brought to Light in the

In May last the workmen who were digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sercophagus buried thirty feet below the surface.

Immediately the telephone called to the spot the members of the Archeological Commission, scientific and literary men who watch with icalous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully mised and opened.

Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, says the Youth's Companion, with the remains of the lineu in which she had been wrapped, some brown leaves from the myr-tle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death.

On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with Filetes, the name of her betrothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Ltruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white

amber pins, and a gold necklet with white small pendants were lying about.

But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and careful way, the hair waving low on the forehead and hence home with a fillet.

and being bound with a fillet.
On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphena Creperia, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully and a touching seen, doubtess faithfully representing her parting with her parents.

She is lying on a low bed and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her heartbroken father, who stands leaning on her bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head

while her monter and the best are result occurred, weeping.

It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene; and yet it was nearly eighteen centuries ago that these stricken parents haid so tenderly away their dearly beloved daughter KEEP YOUR GAS TURNED UP.

Turning It Down Is Frequently as Disas

trons as Blowing It Out. In spite of the fact that these are days of popular colightenment, the newspapers are not unfrequently called upon to chronicle cases where persons have been asphyxiated through ignorantly blowing out the gas, instead of turning it off. Little attention, however, has been drawn to a danger not as great, but more common, says the Kansas City Ser. This consists in the habit many City Natz. This consists in the habit many persons have of allowing one bracket to burn dimly all night long while they are asleep.

If the gas is to be kept burning at all it should for salety's sake be left blazing fairly high, for when the flame is reduced to the faint blue apark the least diminution in pressare at the works will cause this to go out, and when the pressure is renewed the gas, of course, escapes steadily into the room, to the possible injury of all its impaces. possible injura of all its immates.

A night-hund should be used if light is necessary or a fair blaze so shaded as not to fall upon the access of sleepers. A whole family were nearly killed recently through

\$50 GOLD WATCH \$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly.

trends, acquaintances or brisness associates, without interesting with his business or occupation. For compensation, details as organization, ac., sail or address to below. In addition to the club methon or being on watches we are also prepared to sell on the instalment plant to reliable parties without extra charge. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card agent will call with samples.

Yorker, and his mother's maiden name is THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,

In the second act of Henry Pettitt's new mele rama, " Hands Across the Sea," presented at he Standard Theatre for the second time last night, there is a very charming little bit of comedy, capitally interpreted. Tom Bassett re turns from Australia, his pockets filled with diamonds for the girl whom he is auxious to marry. He meets an old friend who, during his absence, has become the husband of this girl. Confidences follow. The friend tells of his Tom believes the lucky girl is little Lucy Nettifold. He congratulates her, and he congratulates his friend. Then Tom speaks of is own matrimonial intentions. His friend at once jumps to the conclusion that Tom's fiancee . Lucy Nettifold. He congratulates her, and he congratulates Tom. The discovery is finally made by poor Bassett in a very artistic manner.

cear, with any marked improvement ?), it is the best play of its kind that we have seen for some tains, however, some little tid-bits of comedy. Dublin, is really very funny.

The agony in "Hands Across the Sea" need ardly be criticised. It is the same old pennydreadful business, reasoned more artistically than usual. The heroines are always cailing ut, "Let me pass," and all the hero has to do is to rush on when the beroine is suffering and be majestic for a second or two while the curtain

I wonder why melodramatic heroines always all out, " Let me pass," The stage is very wide, and they have but to budge a few inches and get all the space they want. always makes me smile. "Hands Across the Sea is filled with just such conventional utterances. The only speech I really missed, and the loss of which occasioned me the bitterest anguish, was, I love you, but I can never be yours.

ROSA BONHEUR'S QUIET HOME. The Great Artist Detests Publicity and

For years Fontainebleau has been a favorite Summer resort for Parisians, says the Paris letter to the Chicago Times, and there are many magnificent properties.

For years Rosa Bonheur has lived apart from the artistic world of Paris and many people believe that her life work was finished long ago, and that now in some quiet ceme-tery the great artist sleeps after her labors. But Rosa Bonheur is perfectly well, and for hours each day she paints and sketches. Some of her canvases go to England, some to America, and some are kept in France, but she detests publicity and exhibits her work her arms.

Fred Westing, who reels off the 100 and 220 yard dashes as if he were another winged Mercury, is about as modest and unassuming a man scientious that if he gained an advantage over

a day.

Stop and think for a moment. Since the bliz-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lewell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

This little episode is adm rably rendered. Though I hardly think that " Hauds Across he Sea" is up to Pettitt's mark (what man could go on grinding out melodrama, year after time. True that it reeks with sensation until you feel inclined to beg for mercy. It also con-The little bit between Tom and the Frenchspeaking waiter, when the latter suddenly reyeals the fact that he is an Englishman born in

John C. Buckstone as Tom Basectt made an excellent impression. His work was natural and pleasing. Gustavus Levick was a very roaring hero. I am sure the audience at the Park Theatre must have heard him. Miss Edna Carey was conscientions. Her agony was not as acceptable as her lighter vein. Miss Percy Haswell has a most irritating delivery, and I lon't believe it is natural, either. She is a clever little actress, however, and did some good work. William Richardson as the French master, J. R. Furlong as the Parisian and W. J. Ferguson as the gambling-house keeper made an admirable trio. These three gentlemen did very artistic work.

"Hands Across the Sea" was beautifully ALAN DALE. staged.

Dislikes Newspaper Notoriety.

many magnificent properties.

At the extremity of the forest, between the villages Moret and Thomery, is another village called By: at the castle of By lived a woman whose name, although illustrious in the four corners of the globe, is seldom pronounced at the present time.

Saw, as soon as the eyes became accustomed to the insufficient light, a woman and several to independ on lying about on skins. They were all dreesed in the same rude arments as the man, to whom they bore a strong resemblance. They took very little notice of the hunters, exhibiting a sluggishness of movement that would have seemed to indicate drowsiness, had it not been for their little graning, watchful eyes that

no longer.

In a word the great artist prefers quiet, and the mere idea of sceing her name in print worries her.

STOLEN RHYMES.

O sweetheart mine, with the bonnie brown hair, With eyes so merry and brow so fair, The a year to-day since you came to woo, And nover was lover more loving and true, Robin, my sweetheart! et a wonder sometimes, as I fold you fast, f love like yours can forever last, low it will be as the years are told, then you have grown wiser and I have grown old, Yet I wonder sometimes, as I fold you fast,

Robin, my sweetheart ! You have won my heart by your words and You have won my heart by your witching wiles. And I wish, oh, I wish I could hold for aye The place in your heart that I hold to-day, Robin, my sweetheart!

But when I am sadder and far less fair, When the snows of time are thick in me When the snows of time are thick in my hair, When pain has furrowed my check and brow, Will you love me then as you love me now," Robin, my sweetheart? You bring to my lins your young life's wine, And promise, dear, to be always mine; Yet still I wonder how it will be When you are thirty instead of three, Robin, my sweethcart!

But away with doubt! and with fears away!
You are mine to-day, sweetheart, to-day!
So we'll ving and be merry, and dauce, care-free.
Nor dream of the time when you may not be
Robin, my sweetheart!
— Youth's Companion.

Daisy Miller.

Her dimpled check is pale, She's a lily of the vale, Not a rose.

In a muslin or a lawn She is fairer than the dawn, To her beaux. Her boots are slim and neat, She is vain about her feet, It is eaid.

She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars,
Overhead.
—Philadelphia Press,

To write or not to write? That is the question. Whether 'tis better to gather in the shekels Along with all the critics' loud outries. Or keep myself unto myself, and think 'The thoughts that, when put down in black and white Make peopls ope their eyes and cry. "Oh! Oh! And yet, methinks to think the thinks I think Is not to think so differently from most. Is not to think so differently from most.

Except that they think that they do not think,
While I—I think, and glory that I think.
And so I think 'twere best to write. Buppose
I try a tale that's quieter in tone.
Yet were it wise? I know what I will do!
I'll dip this pon in are, and this in ice,
And write afternate words with them: and so
I'll please the critics all. Ah, ha! Oh, ho!
The epirit of Criticus responds:
The quick will pick the dead lines out, be sure;
The dead will find the quick, and both complain.

Aristone Anderson in Judge.

Amelie's Sollioguy

New cooler winds begin to blow, The solar fires iess fiercely glow. The heated term is nearly o'er. The paper collar wilts no more. The girl puts up her bathing suit. Their hats of straw the wealthy shoot. The fat man laughs aloud with give, No more like melted lard is he. The yachts are fast at wharves and docks, We're near the autumnal equinox.

RATTLESNAKES FOR PETS

HALF-BREED INDIAN FAMILY LAVES HAPPILY WITH SCORES OF THEM.

fort Stockton (Tex.) Hunters Meet with a Strange Speciacle in a Cave in the Sierra Charrote-Human (?) Beings Who Tolerate and Even Fondle the Monsters Like to Many Cars and Dogs. A party of sportsmen from this place while

hunting antelopes in the Sierra Charrote a few days ago made a most singular discovery. says a Fort Stockton (Tex.) special of Sept. Riding up a narrow gorge they caught sight of a gigentic rattlesnake trailing his hideous length along the side of the steep crag just above their heads. Several of the party fired at the reptile, but

none of the shots and any effect beyond causing his snakeship to accelerate his leisurely movement, and by the time the party had dismounted and reached the spot the rattler was disappearing down a fissure in the rocks, A volley of shot was sent clattering after him, but some of his pursuers not feeling courageous enough to follow him further. had turned about and were making their way back to the horses, when a human head protru ling from the gap where the snake had disappeared attracted their attention.

The head was quickly followed by the body. and a most remarkable person stood gazing curiously after them. It was a man, clad from head to foot in a garment evidently made out of the tough, fibrous grasses of these parts weven together in a mat. This was secured alout the waist by a belt composed of the pied, mottled skin of reptiles.

This strange being's long, coarse hair hung about his face in straight, black plaited locks, giving him a most weird, Modusa-like appearance. His tentures were of a brutish, appearance. His sentures were of a brutan, cunning type, while the face was lighted up by a pair of coldly twinkling orbs hardly human in their steady gaze, and which completed the suggestion of a serpent of his en-

tire makeup.

The hun ers, amazed at this singular apparition, turned back and approached the man, who wated for them without any evidence of fear or desire to avoid a meeting, Mr. K., who was somewhat in advance of the others, called out to him in English, "Good morning," and was answered in Span.sh. spoken with a gutteral accent.

Mr. K. then began to converse in Spanish with the man, who responded briefly in a dia lect of his own compused of a mongrel Span ish and Auache Indian. When asked wha ish and Apache Indian. When asked what he was doing down in that hole he informed the party that he lived down there, and offered to show them his home.

The gentlemen felt considerable hesitation about following the rattlesnake into such close quariers and expressed as much, when the stranger declared that there was no harm to be expected from the snake, but said there

to be expected from the snake, but said there

to be expected from the snake, but said there was another entrance into his allode that they night make use of if they preferred it.

He then showed them a large hole in the mountain's side which they had fulled to notice for the bushes that wellnigh covered it. They found themselves, on entering this hole, in a small, gloomy cave, in which they saw, as soon as the eyes became accustomed to the insufficient light, a woman and sayars.

their little, glancing, watchful eyes that gleamed like dismond points in the dimness of the cave. In obedience to some order of her husband the woman rose from her squatting position in one corner of the cavern, letting fall from her lap some object that glided swiftly away to one of the children, about whom it iwined itself, and who affectionately clasped it in

To the amazement and horror of the gen

tlemen this object was the huge rattlesnake which had been their guide to this extraordi-nary place, so unreal and uncanny as to cause them to ask themselves if it were not the cre ation of a dresm.

The woman had lighted a torch, revealing the woman had lighted a torch, revealing the cave swarming with snakes of every description and size. They hung from rocky projections in the roof and sides of the cavern, hissing at the unwonted light, and glided about from one corner to another.

One great slimy black monster lay across the

throat of a sleeping infant, gently waving its horrid head above the child's mouth. An older child was eating something from an earthenware vessel, and a large rattler leaning from his shoulder would swing over and eat from the dish, while the child would strike it with its bare hand whenever its strange messmate seemed to be getting more than its share.

After lighting the torch the woman returned to her corner and the skin on which she had been squatting, and, catching up a snake that

was lying near, dropped it into her lap as one night a kitten. The creature crawled up her body and finally settled itself on her bare breast, reaching up to her mouth as if to kiss her.

This last exhibition of an intimacy forbidden by the prejudices of all ages and people was more than the party could stand, so they beat a hasty retreat from that joint abode of serpents and human beings. The man accompanied them, offering to trade skins fer powder and shot.

While the exchange was being made the man in answer to a question related his

While the exchange was being made the man, in answer to a question, related his history. He is a half-breed Apache Indian, his father having been a Mexican. Up to the time he was grown he had continued with his mother's people, but committing some offense against their laws—he entered into no details as to what this was—he had to run away to escape their vengeance, and his wild. roving existence having unfitted him for a civilized life, he had taken up his residence His mountain cave.

His wife, an Indian girl, had fled with him, and here their children had been born. He

lives by hunting and fishing, never venturing far from his underground dwelling. As to the snakes, he says they are gentle, affectionate creatures, which, if man would cease to persecute them would be his faithful friends.

A Serious Mistake. Enraged Father-Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my laughters a wedding-check. Mother-Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope.

Enraged Father—Yes, but there is, That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had is cashed.

Penny Whistles.

Museum Freak-Cau't do it pardner.

[From the Whistle.]
Train Robber-Hold up your hands!

You'll have to try s mebody else. I'm the armiess wonder and I do everything with my A \$50.00 GOLD WATCH FOR ONLY

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king ago.

FOLITICAL BROTH

Ex-Sheriff James O'Brian is credited with a desire to go to the Senate from the Ninth Di-

trict as the County Democracy nominee.

The opposition to the return of Eugene 8. Ive-

with the enemies of his old benefactor.

In his weekly paper, the Metropotts, Mr. Mcthe office of Supervisor of the City Record he saved to the city one thousand times the amoun of his meagre salary. Did he forget that this proposition is subject of mathematical proof or refutation? The meagre salary is \$3,000. One ord amounted to less than \$200,000 when Mr. McLaughlin assumed office. In what depart- the chance. His mother writes of him: ment did Mr. McLaughlin's administration save \$3,000,000 ? "It's but pardonable exaggera-

in perfumes and current literature. These fortunate young beauties will make their formal entrance to society this Winter, presumably in Mrs. John A. Logau's Washington home. Miss Anits McCormick, the daughter-in-lawelect of James G. Blaine, has never been in a street car. Since her debut from the Rush

monsieur soon finds it profitable to make him self needed. Men the world over are famous as hair-dressers, and the woman doesn't live who American houses are wofully unpopular.

cations from the public at large, which politeness compels her to answer, are treble that num-

OFF THE STAGE. Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel when in the city bright conversationalist, and possesses the Miss Marie Burroughs, Mr. A. M. Palmer's 'leading juvenile," is the wife of the portly Mr. Louis Massen, of the same company. Mr. and



CHARLES JOSEPH

